LIFE OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF A GIRL IN NEW YORK.

She Finds Posing a Pleasant Way of Earning a Living-Odd Experiences With Artists-Bachelors Who Fear Her-A Love Affair-Demands of Illustrators.

Much has been written about artists models, but usually the public gets the artist's point of view. Here is something from the other side. One of New York's best-known models said the other day in speaking about her experience:

At 18, through a series of unhappy cir cumstances, I was forced to make my living. I had no prefession nor musical talent, hor the gift of china painting, nor any of the hundred and one things some girls have to fall back on when they are thrown on their own resources.

"About this time I made the acquaintance of a widow, who was the sister of a girl friend. She told me that she made her living by sitting for artists as a model. I told her my circumstances and she advised me to try posing; she said I would not find the work hard, and that the artists were most considerate and kind.

" 'But.' I said, 'they will laugh at I'm not handsome, like you, and I am afraid they will not even look at me.'

'Never mind,' she said, 'you have good figure, and you will probably find plenty of work; at any rate I advise you to

"'But.' I said, 'my figure will not help me; you don't suppose for a moment that I will pose for my figure? Why, the very idea gives me cold shivers. No, indeed! I'll never, never do that. I would rather

" 'Well,' she said, 'you will not be obliged to pose for your entire figure, if you do not want to; you can pose for your neck and arms.

'Oh, ves.' I said, 'I might do that "She gave me the names of some of the artists whom she knew and of the different studio buildings, and one bright day I nerved myself up to the point of looking for work as a model. The first place I

went to was the Sherwood Studio Building. "I took the elevator to the top floor and there began to knock on all of the doors, as my friend had told me to do. I would knock and then tremble, and my heart beat almost to suffocation while waiting for the artist to open

"I received no reply to my knock at the first door, and presumed that the artist was not in, and oh! how relieved I was, and how I hoped they would all be out; but as I had gone so far. I was determined to try them all. My only fear was that I would not do and that they would ask why I thought I could pose.

My second knock was answered, and in a voice scarcely above a whisper I said: 'Do you want a model?' No, the artist did not want any one just then, but he would take my address.

"Take my address! That seemed encouraging; he would probably send for me. I was delighted. I have since found that they always take your address; it is a matter of form or habit.

Sometimes they make a note under the name; that is, if the model interests them especially: they write the color of her hair, eyes, build, &c., and if she is stylish, which, by the way, is seldom the case, they make a note of that also, but they scarcely ever send for a model unless she is particularly beautiful, or unless they know her, or of her, and if she does not make an extraordinary impression on them they proceed to forget her the moment she closes the door.

"They have big address books filled with the names of models whom they could I have seen them look over their address books, read the names, and say:

"'Miss Brown? who on earth is Miss Brown? Tall, fair, fine eyes, abundant hair. That sounds well. I wish I could remember her, but it's out of the question;' and yet they all, old, young, good and bad, have the habit of saying, 'I'll take your address.'

"Well, to go back to my first day, I knocked on all the doors on the top floor of the Sher-wood, but nobody wanted me then, though they all took my address, and I expected that the postman would be tired carrying my mail for the next month to come. I was not discouarged, however, and went to the floor below.

by this time my nervousness was wearing away, and I was gaining new courage at every door. I found the artists so gentle and kind that I became at ease with them at once. Sometimes they would ask me into the studio and look me over while they asked for the address, and for whom I had posed, and they often asked, 'Do you pose for the figure?'

"There are a great many doors in the

for the figure?"

"There are a great many doors in the Sherwood Building, but I did not let one escape me that day. At the end of the day I had made two engagements; the first was to pose in a yachting costume, the other in a fancy low-necked dress, and I can remember how scared I was, because the waist for the latter was loose on the shoulders, lest it should fall down, and how very mortified I was because it did drop a little lower than it was when I put it on. The artist

asked me:
"'Why don't you pose for the figure? you seem to have a good one, but I was shocked at the idea, and said:

than it was when I put it on. The artist

whocked at the idea, and said:

"I would never, never do such a thing,"
to which he did not reply.

"Well, that was the beginning of my life as a model. In time I became well known, and did not have to knock at any doors, as the artists would send or come for me, and I had more work than I could attend to.

"Posing has been the pleasantest part of my life. The artists are just about the best set of fellows in the world, kind-hearted and considerate and generous when they can be. They are generally men who have travelled and read considerably; they are students of human nature, and it is really a liberal education to be associated with them, and if a model does not improve her mind in their employ it is her own fault.

"Occasionally one comes in contact with

"Occasionally one comes in contact with a crank. I remember one artist—I think he was a Hungarian; he could not speak very good English, and he hated talking, anyway. I posed for him one whole day in the month of July, with the thermometer at about 99. I had to wear a pair of Italian shoes, which were about three sizes too small for me. too small for me

"He did not speak to me three times during the entire setting, and he kept the windows all closed. I had the temerity to ask him if he was afraid of fresh air, and he told me 'No,' that he kept the window closed in order to keep the warm out. I just escaped with my life and with my feet almost paralyzed. The picture was called 'The Engagement Ring,' and I have always hated engagement rings ever since.

"It is not always the most beautiful models who are the most successful. If a girl is intelligent and has a knack of catching the artist's idea of the pose, and if she is in sympathy with this work, she will be very useful, and has a good chance of becoming popular.

will be very useful, and has a good chance of becoming popular.

"They all have their individual tastes, regarding figures. Some like the slender sylph-like forms, and others the plump and more earthly; and some like blondes and others brunettes; others again rave over red hair. There is one artist who will not paint anything but the last, and whenever he sees a red-haired girl he begins to get his brus les and pallette ready at once.

"Trey are some artists who want to paint any interesting face they see, regardless of hair or complexion, and I know one who tries to employ every model he can possibly use, because he wants to give them all a chance.

"Some of these artists will advise a model,

Some of these artists will advise a model.

when she is new in the business, to pose for the entire figure, saying that she will get more work, and that the artists regard it merely as a matter of business and think nothing about it; others again will advise

nothing about it; others again will advise her not to, and if she does, will say it is too bad. But she can do just exactly as she pleases in the matter, she will be neither coaxed nor forced.

"Picture painters will nearly always use the same model for any picture they begin, but the decorators are different, using several for the same decoratio, and even for the same figure, getting the best points from each one in turn. They will use one for the neck, another for arms, another for feet, and so on, and or arms, another for feet, and so on, and he same may be said of sculptors. "Posing for decorators is interesting.

As their pictures are usually placed about twenty feet from the eye and are either on the ceiling or high on the wall, they will try to get the model as high as the decora-tion is to be placed, in order to get the light necessary, and I have had to take a skipping pose on top of a bookcase fifteen feet high, and less than three feet wide; and again a floating pose on top of a lot of old shaky packing boxes.

"Again they will improvise a scaffold remember once, posing as a queen, with a wreath of laurels in my outstretched hand, waiting to crown a subject, and in a most intense moment for the artist the scaffold gave way, and the queen in all her fine drapery and dignity, lay in a heap on the floor. Of course, if the model is true to her art, and posing is an art, she will not mind a small matter like this, she will examine her hones and when she finds there is none broken, she will get up and help the artist mend the scaffold.

"Then they will both laugh and go on

with the work. The artist in such a cas is always most anxious and sympathetic and will do all in his power to mend the model's wounded dignity, sometimes even to the extent of sending for ice cream, or

some other delicacy.
"Most of the artists' wives keep away from the studios, and do not interefere in their husband's business affairs, but some of them are not so considerate, and will actually manage the artist, the model and

he picture.

" I know one woman who always darns "I know one woman who always darns her stockings in the studio when her husband has a model, and bargains as to price of pose, and she will arrange the drapery and pose the model, while the poor little husband simply sits down and paints according to her directions, and yet they both wonder why his pictures do not sell, and why they are never according to the why they are never accepted at the exhibitions. "I have known artists' wives to sit in or

"I have known artists' wives to sit in or near the studios all the time their husbands are working from a model. When I have wondered at this I have been told that these women were jealous, and in such cases they are very plain looking.

"People who do not know the artists and models at work, seem to think that it is all fun for both. Others think that to be a model a girl must necessarily relinquish

fun for both. Others think that to be a model a girl must necessarily relinquish her dignity and self-respect, and that she cannot be a success unless she is gay, and always ready for a good time.

"To be sure, there are some artists who are not serious, and have enough money to findulge in frivolity, and spend most of their time in entertaining their models and being entertained by them, but the majority of the artists are not rich, and are serious, and the more respectable a girl is. majority of the artists are not rich, and are serious, and the more respectable a girl is, the more apt she is to win their favor and get their work. Most of them encourage respectability and even the gay ones like a girl who is serious.

"Sometimes a model becomes a regular fad for a season or two and she can just about

for a season or two, and she can just about have the earth. The artists cater to her, have the earth. The artists cater to her, flatter her and handle her with kid gloves, and while she is the fad she is a queen.

"I do not think there is any other business in the world in which a woman receives so much flattery. The artists are so nice that they are careful never to speak of the faults they see, and are satisfied to talk about the model's good points only.

"Of course, her charms are her stock in trade, and though at first she may be flattered to hear them discussed, in time it

trade, and though at first she may be nat-tered to hear them discussed, in time it becomes just plain business, and that is all she thinks about it. I remember once when looking for work, the artist I called upon said:

upon said:
"I am looking for a model, but I want one who has a beautiful neck and shoulders Have you a good neck and shoulders?' "I fairly took his breath away by answering almost before he had finished speaking. Oh, yes; very handsome.'
"He smiled and said: Your modesty

the work and speak of my neck and shoul-ders just as I would of a patent filter or anything else I might want to sell you.' I

anything else I might want to sell you.' I showed him my neck and he engaged me.
"It is funny to pose for bachelors; that is, bachelors who have passed 45. They seem to be deathly afraid of models and look upon them only as an evil necessity. They seem to be afraid of their lives that some one will marry them before they have time to save themselves.
"There was one for whom I posed a great deal, and though he knew me for years, he would never allow himself to be in the studio alone with me, but always had a

studio alone with me, but always had a triend with him on the days I was there, to act as his chaperon.

*He was about 60 years old, white-haired

and lame into the bargain, but he told me many, many times that he never married and never intended to. His friend was about 50, and he also seemed afraid of me, though he would speak to me occasionally when the artist would allow him to, but that was not often, as the artist wanted absolute quiet when he worked.

"The friend always came in about half an hour after I arrived and he always brought me some small token, such as a

an hour after I arrived and he always brought me some small token, such as a rose, an orange, a box of candy or a few violets, and when the pose was over he always gave me my carfare, and he did this for years. He was tall and awkward, and he would come up to me in the clumsiest way and say, when he handed me the gift, "Here, I have brought this for you," and he said exactly the same words.

every time.

"This artist had a mania for painting sleeping poses. He painted them year in and year out, and I often wondered what in the world became of all the sleeping beauties he immortalized on canvas.

"Another bachelor artist always leaves his door open when he has a model, and always looks relieved when she bids him always looks relieved when she bids him good-by. Once, when posing for him, I became tired and faint, and so dizzy that I thought I would fall. I was obliged to tell him about it, and he looked so scared that I had to smile. He said:

"'Are you going to faint?' and immediately opened the window and got the couch ready, and then started for the door.

"'Go ahead and faint,' he said. 'Everything is ready, call me when you come to.'

thing is ready; call me when you come to."
It was as good as a dash of cold water, and really kept me from fainting that time.
The majority of women who have portraits painted will wear evening dress, re-

traits painted will wear evening dress, regardless of whether their neck and shoulders are pretty and graceful or not, and very often the artist employs a model whose neck and shoulders are handsome and paints them to his sitters' heads.

"The sitter, of course, never suspects this, and when the picture is finished and hung on her wall, and her beautiful neck and shoulders are admired by her friends, she calmly accepts the compliments and goes on ever after believing her figure is lovely, and wonders why she never discovered it before.

lovely, and wonders why she never discovered it before.

"Posing for illustrators is the hardest work of all, as one has to take so many different and usually difficult poses during a single sitting. For instance, in posing for a railway accident, you have to be the dead, the dying, the nurses and the mourners, all in one day, and as a woman in a railway accident is not usually in a graceful posture, you have to twist yourself into all kinds of unnatural positions, such as rolling down an embankment or falling out of a car window.

car window.

car window.

"Then, again, you are the mother or wife of some injured person, and you must kneel or stand over some one and wring your hands, or tear your hair and wear a most agonized expression all the time, and when the pose is over you feel guilty if you smile after so much horror.

"Again, you are at an afternoon tea and you are at times the lady pouring the tea then a friend drinking tea, and, again, you are some new guests arriving to drink tea. Another time you may be at the opera representing some society woman or a number of society women, and you must hold lorgnette or an opera glass and wear a swell evening gown, and sit up stately a swell evening gown, and sit up stately

and dignified, or perhaps laugh and talk with your neighbor or your beau, as the case may be; but it all means work, and

hard work.

Posing for illustration is no joke. To be Posing for liustration is no lose. To be a success as an illustrator's model you must have a number of costumes. You are supposed to have an evening dress, a number of hats, and everything in the latest style, and when you call on an illustrator he will generally ask you what costumes you possess, as he expects you to furnish them for him.

In all my years of posing there neve "In all my years of posing there never was but one artist who was really in love with me, and he was a dear little man just about half my size. At first he was satisfied to paint me in Greek draperies and evening gowns, but all of a sudden he got an inspiration to paint me as an angel, and I think that I must have posed for nearly all the angels in Heaven. I asked him why he painted so many angels, and he said he did so because I inspired him. "It was funny to see him arrange the drapery. He would stand just as far away from me as his arms would allow, and seemed to be afraid of his life to touch me, lest I might fly away.

est I might fly away.

"At last he declared his love for me and I knew then what the matter was. He was intelligent and sane on every other subject, but the poor little man could not paint, and he finally went out of the art business and s now an insurance agent.

BIRDS SOCIABLE NOW. Marked Change in Their Habits Now That Autumn Is Coming Nearer.

Although suburban birds are neither singing nor nesting as in spring and early summer, they seem almost as busy and quite as numerous now as at any time of

There is a curious parallel between the conduct of birds and that of human beings in the matter of domestic and social relations. While the birds are busy with their house building or in hatching and rearing their young, they find little or no time for general social intercourse with their own kind, just as married women in the country shut themselves away from society and live only for their children and their households until the children are grown and fled.

When the birds are rid of parental cares they emerge from their state of retirement, and see much of their fellows. The blackbirds, for example, especially the purple grackle, arrive in flocks early in the spring, separate and pair, and live thus a strictly domestic life while their young are helpless. but return to the sociable state when once more freed of household cares.

Even the robin shows a tendency to revert to the sociable state at this time of year, and in the South, where these birds winter, they fly in tuneless flocks, and are the special victims of the pot hunter. You may see the suburban robins now in flocks of fifteen or twenty, young and old, mingled, feeding greedily on earthworms or the few remaining wild fruits, giving forth no sound save their cries of warning or of anger.

They seem to have lost their tameness of the early summer, and to rise and fly at the sight of a human being. It is just possible that the wilder robins of the woods and fields now visit suburban lawns and gardens in search of food, and being unused to the neighborhood of human beings, exhibit this fear at their approach.

The great flicker, or high hole, which is oftener heard than seen during much of the summer, is now frequently found feeding on suburban lawns. Whoever rises early in the suburbs will find these birds. sometimes half a score together, searching for earthworms on the lawns.

They rise quickly when they catch sight of a human being, but do not fly far, though they keep well out of the way. They seem at this time of year to have something of the gregarious instinct; earlier in the summer more than two are seldom seen together

The habits of the bird make this a good time to study what is at ordinary times a difficult creature to examine with thoroughness. A good pair of opera glasses will reveal the striking beauty of the flicker to any one who will rise early and exercise a little care. In early summer the flicker, true to its other name of high hole, roosts so high that one with difficulty gets a good

view of it.

The catbird shows no sign of a gregarioua instinct, and as to the brown thrashers, there seems to be hardly enough of these birds in any one region to form a flock if they were so disposed. Meadow larks, however, seem to go in small troops at this season. So the English starlings that live in the upper edge of The Bronz fly about in little flocks of from six to ten, lighting in the tops of the highest trees, a babit which they hardly seem to absorbe seems.

which they hardly seem to abandon even in the nesting season.

Doubtless the gathering of the birds in flocks is in a way premonitory of their southward flight, now only about six weeks southward flight, now only about six weeks off. The robins are irregular in their time of migration and if the coming fall shall continue mild far into November, as some persons expect after the unusually cool summer, the robins are likely to remain here unusually late. The conditions of temperature seem to make less difference in the time of the blackbirds' migration.

In the time of the blackbirds' migration.

Curious enmities among the birds, which probably originate in nesting time, continue even to this season. The catbird does a deal of scolding, even now, and seems to have a special cause of disagreement with some of the smaller birds.

It is noticeable that a little later in the season the birds of this region resent the intrusion of hungry migrants, which stop on their way south and devour whatever food they find. The blue jay, which summers far north, will soon be foraging and scolding in all the trees. The beautiful waxwing of the Adirondacks is now feeding on cedar berries during its short stay on the journey southward. on the journey southward.

CANTON'S ROTARY DOG. Puzzles All Observers by the Nature of His Morning Exercise.

A mysterious dog has appeared in the vicinity of Baltimore with terrifying effects upon some of the persons who are said to have seen it. The negro stevedores employed to loading and unloading the ships at the Northern Central Railroad's iron ore piers, Lower Canton, are in a fever of excitement about the existence and peculiar actions of this strange canine, which each day goes through a most remarkable proceeding in

this strange canine, which each day goes through a most remarkable proceeding in the woods near the piers and in the rear of Patapaco Park. The dog is known among the stevedores as "the spook dog of Cooksie's woods," and that particular patch of forest where the canine is said to have his stamping ground is as carefully avoided by the negroes as though a family of rattlesnakes had taken up quarters there.

Near the southern edge of the woods, about one hundred and fifty feet north of the Northern Central's weighing station, is a circular path, well marked by the patter of feet. Around this path the dog is said to run between the hours of 6 and 7 each morning. How the animal came to perform this peculiar feat is not known, but that it does so is stoutly affirmed by a hundred or more men who have witnessed the exhibition, which has been repeated almost every morning since June.

Several gentlemen, after witnessing t'edges movements, have concluded that the quadruped was at one time connected with a show in which his duty was to run about an arena at a certain hour each day. They think that the habit contracted there has clung to the dog and cannot be shaken off. The performance usually lasts about an hour, and of late there is frequently a number of spectators on hand. Attempts have been made to capture the beast, but it eludes all efforts and persists in taking its morning exercise unless frightened off by an attempt to interfere.

The animal is said to be black, with tan legs, somewhat resembling a collie, and is about a large as a setter. A few weeks ago the path was filled up with dirt to determine if the dog could find the place again. The next day when the canine returned he began the usual race with himself in precisely the same spot, and a few days later the path was again clearly marked. It is now worn about two inches deep. Tree roots which cross it are worn like scoured planks. In the centre of the circle are several trees.

HE IS SURE THEY CAN UNDER-STAND HUMAN SPEECH.

instances Cited to Prove This-Capable of Deep Affection, but Intensely Jealous Their Prophetic Souls-One That Played Polleeman of Its Own Accord.

Such questions as, Can cats reason? Do hey understand human speech? and Have they, in common with man, such emotions as grief, jealousy, gratitude and strange orebodings of impending ills? were raised he other day in the course of a conversation with Eugene Malcolm, chief agent of the Morris Refuge for Homeless and Sufferng Animals in Philadelphia.

In order that proper weight may be given to what Mr. Malcolm says, it should be explained that besides being a life-long stuient of cats, he is the executive head of the greatest institution of its kind in the United States, if not in the world—a home in which all of the nine lives of 23,212 cats were mer-

cifully ended last year.
"Yes," said Mr. Malcolm, "I belive that cats, or at least some of them, understand he English language as it is spoken in Philadelphia, particularly when it is used with reference to themselves or their interests. To begin with, it is nothing uncommon, indeed, it is almost a daily occurrence. for me to be called to a house only to find that the cat for which I came had for days previously heard the family talking of the sad necessity of putting poor puss to death, and that the petted beast, with every seeming inducement to remain at home, as it had long done, had taken the hint and run away for good on the night before I

came for it. "Three or four years ago there lived in South Fifteenth street a woman who had brought with her from California an immense fourteen-year-old cat. He was as big as an ordinary dog. He had been for years the one privileged pet of the household, and was probably the best home-stayer of any cat I ever heard about.

"Well, the poor old fellow got a somewhat incomfortable and certainly incurable ailment, and his mistress sent for me to come and get him and make sure that he should die a painless but immediate death. Now that cat, that for five years had never been know to climb the back fence, or to pass out of the back gate, and had contented y clung to his exceptionally good home, got over the fence the very morning that I came, and was never seen or heard of again by his mistress, her family or their

to the previous discussion of his own im-pending fate! Oh, no!

"Again, seven years ago there was given to my little son Willie, here, a splendid big cat to keep for his own special pet among all the thousands that come and go at our place. We all became attached to this new member of the household.

"But time wore on and puss in some way got the mange, so that we realized it would be inexpedient, perhaps inhumane, to keep him alive. Of course we all talked the matter over, and of course wideawake old puss heard all we said, and listened most attentively to the regrets expressed on his own account.

on his own account. "And how did he show that he under-stood it all? On the morning when we had agreed that I should put him to sleep he climbed the high telegraph pole in front of our house—literally fled for his life to of our house—literally fled for his life to the best available refuge. After an entire day of futtle coaxing, calling and the exhi-bition of tempting foods at the base of the pole, we had to get ladders and climb up to bring him down.

"And then, as I carried him on my shoul-der through the hall toward the charcoal inclosure, my wife said he looked back at her like a craining child, and whined cut

her like a crying child, and whined out to her in plaintive tones, as much as to say:

"So much for cats' acquired knowledge of the English language in matters that apply especially to themselves, and for their premonitions of impending doom. Now 'Can't you save me? for a member of the same species that took up its mistress's grief and mourned with her over the death of her husband, to whom the pet had also been warmly attached. There's a letter on my desk now, telling me that the cat in question died to-day and I cannot help wondering whether grief was not the primary cause of its fatal

You see, Mrs. Johnson, its mistress, lost "You see, Mrs. Johnson, its mistress, lost her husband not long ago. It was a terrible boy to the widow, and the cat, always, an exceptionally affectionate pet, grew doubly so after the funeral. I cannot begin to tell you of the many manifestations of real sympathy that came from that cat to Mrs. Johnson. But she readily understood why puss more frequently waited for her at the head or the foot of the stairs, and why it sometimes came to her bed and plaintively mewed when she was passing a restless night pondering over her grief. restless night pondering over her grie Now, that seems almost human, doesn'

"You ask me how I reason it out tha "You ask me how I reason it out that cats are not primarily savage or vicious, but are extremely jealous of one another? Weil, first of all, among the hundreds of patrician cats that we receive at the home each summer as boarders, not one among even the biggest and seemingly most ferocious fellows, will ever fight one of the others without first noting something that has aroused a jealous desire for revenge.

revenge. "For example, let Mrs. Malcolm or me go to the boarders' quarters about the time the raw meat ration is due and we'll find that for fifteen or twenty minutes every cat of all the diversified dozens there im-pounded has been cautiously and rest-lessly creeping along the upper rafters, crouching in corners or by various noises

crouching in corners or by various noises and motions manifesting strange impatience. All this pent-up cat nature comes to a focus the moment one of us enters with meat enough for all the fat and well-fed fellows, if the slightest partiality is manifested for any particular cat.

"One cat, big or little, for size makes no difference, will claw favored Mr. Puss squarely across the face, saying as plainly as actions can: 'I'll teach you to remember the rights of your betters!' Another will growl; another will pounce away from ber the rights of your betters! Another will growl; another will pounce away from the mat he likes so well, just to take a hand in righting the disputed matter, and every time we have the slightest trouble in the boarders' quarters we can find some real cause of jealousy back of it. Why, we can't pet one of them or rub its fur the right way when the others are looking on without ruffling the fur of every jealous observer.

"Cats know the friends of their species, almost at first sight. Let me illus-

trate:

'A few years ago a wealthy Philadelphian, returning from Persia, brought to the home for me to tame a 'thoroughbred Persian cat. It was one of those immense fellows that, when once offended, even unintentionally, are very hard to pacify.

'Something had gone wrong on the ocean voyage, and puss had become seemingly a savage beast. At the home here he at first exhibited all the ferocious motions and tendencies of the tiger—paced stealthily up first exhibited all the ferocious motions and tendencies of the tiger—paced stealthily up and down the room, paused and listened for the slightest indication of any one's approach from without, growled and otherwise behaved in such a manner as to make us all afraid of him.

"I had always loved cats, and I tackled this one with a kindness which at first he sulenly repulsed. But in about two weeks I had tamed him till he was one of the most docile and affectionate pets around the house.

house.
"Then his master came and took him away. But back came Mr. Puss in a few days. Something had gone wrong and he had again become so savage that I guess the hose had been turned on him, for he was drenched.

was drenched. "He soon made friends with me again, and similar kind treatment at the hands of those who finally took him home made of him a perfectly tractable pet, and upon him a value of more than \$500 was placed. "Now, there's our Coalie, that big, black fellow, who so constantly sleeps on the

THEORIES OF A LOVER OF CATS wire screen that covers the boarders' quarters. You'd hardly believe it, but this cat, whom we have come to know and understand about as well as any pet we ever

had, actually turned detective and arrested one of the escaped boarders one day. "Coalie had been taught his place and he seldom ventured into more than one or two of the back rooms in the house. But on the day in question Mrs. Malcolm, who had been ill all day, called to me from the

had been ill all day, called to me from the top of the stairs:

"Eugene, come up here! Coalie wants to tell us something, and he's come clear upstairs into my room to do it. I can't scold him sharply enough when I put him out to make him stay—he just comee right back and purrs around me. You'll have to find out what's troubling him. I never knew him to come upstairs before.

"In response to my wife's call I hurried upstairs to her room and said: Why, Coalie! what's the matter with you? What are you doing up here?"

are you doing up here?'
"He looked me squarely in the eyes with knowing squint, as much as to say: You just watch me and see! and then he deliberately walked downstairs, looking over

his shoulder to be sure I was following "Then, turning as he had never done "Then, turning as he had never done be-fore, toward the parlor door, he coolly stalked into that room, paused in the mid-dle of the floor and stared into the corner, as much as to say." as much as to say: 'Just see whom I've caught hiding in here!'
"As I entered, sure enough, there in the parlor was a big, fine cat, one of our latest boarders! And as I took the culprit in

boarders! And as I took the culprit in my arms to carry him to the pen, Coalie waddled back in a dignified way to his perch on the roof above the boarders, as proud of what he had done as if he'd been petted and praised for it—and he certainly was, a little later.

"No; don't tell me that dogs are any more intelligent than cats, for I've made a careful study of both. You see, we dispose of 4,557 dogs here in a year, as well as more than 23,000 cats, and I sometimes wonder whether it's wicked for the owners of these poor creatures, many of them valuable as pets, to abandon them to even a merciful

pets, to abandon them to even a merciful eath.
"Yes, and I wonder whether these called lower orders of animal life, which have so much in common with man, can b

wholly separated from him or from his condition in a future state. I've seen cats that not only walled like children when they'd lost a friend, but that wept just such tears as flow down human cheeks under like circumstances, and surely an affection that manifests its all but human sorrow like that cannot be annihilated by death unless the grave covers all the affections of man and beast alike—can it?"

GAMBLING WITH SOLITAIRE. Thicago Daft Now Over a Game That Seem Easy, but Is Not.

"They've got a new game out in Chicago and the sporting element has gone daft over it," said a man who has just got back from the Middle West. "There is one establishment out there that is doing a Monte Carlo business at it and, although it is away ahead of the game, there is no let up in the number of men who are willing to take a long chance to carry off a big bundle of coin.

"It's a gamble in solitaire that the Chicagoans are going against, and it's the hardest game to beat and the easiest to get interested in, that I've ever met. The solitaire is of that familiar variety in which you take thirteen cards off the deck, and try to build up the four suits in sequence beginning with the ace, taking every third card in succession from the pack.

"You buy a pack of cards, paying \$52 for the deck. Then you sit down in the room where the game is conducted and, with an attaché of the house standing back of you and looking over your shoulder to see that you don't work any queer business, you proceed to play solitaire.

"If you win the game the house you \$1,000. If you can't beat it the house pays you \$5 for each spot on the top cards of the row that you are supposed to build from aces up. You'd be surprised to see how few spots most of the players muster after they have skinned their deck of all the plays possible.

"I watched many a game during my short stay in Chicago, and I did not see the game beaten once, although I have seen players who, after giving up the game as hopeless, counted the spots on the top cards in the

counted the spots on the top cards in the upper row and demanded as high as \$195, which was instantly forthcoming. I saw winnings of \$60, \$65 and thereabouts in plenty but the poor fellows that could not muster more than six or seven spots were too numerous to mention.

"Three times in one evening I saw one sport buy a pack, pay his little \$52 and not be able to scare up a single ace for that upper row. That fellow might have been excused if he had jumped into the lake, but he didn't.

"I guess I'll stick to poker and faro

"'I guess I'll stick to poker and fare bank, was all we heard out of him as he "I haven't played cards much of late vears, and I went in there because I was knocking around town and didn't care to take in any of the theatres. I watched

he game two nights and I became deeply

the game two nights and I became deeply interested in it.

"The more I watched the more tempted I was to buy a deck. It seemed to me that I could beat that game. That 1,000 to 52 was odds worth playing.

"When I watched game after game, some of the players getting back more than their \$52, it seemed a cinch that I couldn't lose much. I had two or three decks of cards along with me, and the first night after I had gone to my room in the hotel where I stopped, I got out a pack and played the game several times.

"Asis usually the case when you're playing for fun, I came out several hundred dollars ahead of the game after playing a dozen hands. I won out on the first three hands. You see I wanted to try it on the dog, so to sneak.

You see I wanted to try it on the dog, so to sneak.

"The next night I was in the room again watching the purchasers of the decks of cards trying to beat out that \$1,000 offer. I was dead next to the fact that although I had won out when there was nothing to play for, I might get an awful dump the very first time I took a toss at the game with my hard-earned \$52 paid in, but I decided that if I didn't try I'd be sore after leaving Chicago, and at last I bought a deck.

leaving Chicago, and at last I bought a deck.

"I walked over to a table with my man Friday of the house at my back and shuffled the cards carefully and thoroughly. After stripping off the thirteen cards and laving them down, to my delight and surprise three of the next four cards I stripped off were aces.

"But this was too good, and after running through the cards a dozen times or so I had to give it up. There were no more plays in sight.

had to give it up. There were no more plays in sight.

"On my upper row of cards all I could show up was the three of hearts, the acc of diamonds and the acc of spades. Twenty-five dollars. I had lost \$27.

"That made me sore and I was on the point of buying another deck when I concluded that \$52 in the pocket was worth \$1,000 on the bush. "My boy, you need the money too badly," I said to myself and then, as the game had no more attraction for me, after my failure, I left the place."

DEVERY CHILLS.

Distressing Affection Which Bothers Orators Invited to Tackle Big Bill. A Tammany orator of notoriously strong coice walked into the Fourteenth street wigwam yesterday while some of the par-

tisans of Frank J. Goodwin were wondering whom they would get to address an anti-

Devery meeting in the evening. "Good morning," he said to all hands in a voice that could be heard across the in a voice that could be heard across the street, with no sign of huskiness in it. "Say," said a Goodwin man, "you're just the man we're looking for. We want you to go into the Ninth this evening and make a speech, and take the hide off Devery. Give him hell!"
"Say," said the orator, his voice hardly audible on account of a sudden cold, "I'm awful sorry, but my throat's gone back on me. I couldn't say a word."

INTERIOR TRADE MOVEMENTS.

Decrease in Receipts of Live Stock-Con Shipments by Water and Rail. WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.-Information of timely value to the commerce of the country

is contained in the July Summary of Interna-Commerce, issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics. Of interior trade movements the repor states that for seven months ending with July, 1902, the receipts of live stock at the

five markets of Chicago, Kansas City Omaha, St. Louis and St. Joseph reached a total of 34,222,094 head, in contrast with 35,323,972 head for the corresponding period of 1901. There is a difference of \$1,101,878 head to be supplied before the receipts of the current year shall have equalled those of last year. Analysis of stocks of cut meats at the five markets of Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph and Milwaukee show

that on July 31 of the current year there were on hand 209,094,087 pounds. On the corresponding date of 1901 the combined stock consisted of 279,801,345 pounds.

Total shipments of freight on the Great Total shipments of freight on the Great Lakes for the first seven months of 1901 were 19,653,334 tons, and 26,876,004 tons for the same period of 1902, showing a gain of 7,222,670 tons, or 36 per cent.: 16,568,899 tons passed the Sault Ste. Marie canals, against 11,548,192 tons in 1901, and 12,775,246

against 11,348,102 tons in 1901, and 12,773,240 tons in 1900.

Trade movements at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore show that for the first seven months of the current year the receipts of grain and flour at New York reduced to bushels, were 56,626,630 bushels, compared with 83,510,688 bushels for the corresponding period of last year. for the corresponding period of last year.

At the three other ports of Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, the receipts were delphia and Baltimore, the receipts were 57,266,043 bushels, compared with 121,685,705 bushels for the same period of 1901. Of receipts at New York in July of this year, 77 per cent can be same period of 1901. per cent. came by rail, and 26 per cent

Traffic in iron and steel originating is Southern producing territory during the first seven months of this year amounted to 1.131,275 tons, compared with 957,760 tons for the corresponding period of 1901. There has been a decline in this traffic in July, the tonnage of 143,559 tons being the smallest in the course of the current cal-endar year, but considerably higher than he tonnage of 127,713 tons in July, 1901. Coal shipments from New York for the month of June by water, as reported by six of the leading coal carriers to tidewater

amounted to 196,497 tons, and for six months ending with June, 3,967,696 tons. Reported shipments from Philadelphia were as fol-lows: For June, 192,600 tons; for six months ending with June, 1,271,191 tons. Coastwise coal shipments from Baltimore during June were 172,808 tons, and for six months to the end of June, 1,006,997 tons. The total amount reported from the three ports was 471,903 tons in June, and 6,245,854 tons for six months ending with June. Coal receipts at Boston, mostly by coast-wise lines, for the first seven months of 1901, were 2,661,346 tons. This year's re celpts were 2,497,737 tons.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's shipments

to Aug. 2, originating east of Pittsburg and Erie, amounted to 22,305,910 tons, of and Erie, amounted to 22,305,910 tons, of which 1,612,650 tons were anthracite coal, 14,968,183 tons bituminous and 5,725,088 tons coke. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad coal and coke movement for the first six months of this year reached a total of 10,711.941 tons, of which 8,439,268 tons were bituminous, 409,466 tons anthracite and 1,863,209 tons coke. On the Norfolk and Western Railroad the six months' tonnage was reported as amounting to 4,140,879 tons, of which 1,333,183 tons reached tidetons, of which 1,333,183 tons reached tidewater. For the twelve months ending with June the Southern Railway, embracing Tennessee and Alabama districts, handled 3,481,868 tons of coal originating on its lines. Receipts of coal and coke at St. Louis for the seven months ending with July of this year amounted to 2,819,813 tons, compared with 2,419,943 tons for the corresponding period of 1901. Receipts at Chicago for seven months ending with July show a total of 5,138,062 tons this year, compared with 5,223,967 tons last year. The Connellsville weekly coke output still averages somewhat higher than during 1901.

The French aëronauts who are experi menting with ballooning in the Sahara in the hope that they may show the prac ticability of crossing the desert from Algeria to the Soudan in an airship, are to be com-mended for not risking their lives in the early stages of the investigation. As THE SUN has recently reported, the first balloon is to be sent aloft with only pigeons in the basket; by an ingenious device it is hoped that the birds, when the balloon comes to land, will be automatically released and will return to their homes. Other devices may show the various directions in which the balloon travels and give some informathe balloon travels and give some informa-tion as to the country. For example, photographs of the landscape below will,

f the machinery works properly, be taken every few minutes. If the balloonists were to go on the trial If the balloonists were to go on the trial trip the prospect of their returning would be about as dubious as if they should launch their airships over the ocean. The expanses of the Sahara where no man lives are very great. In large parts of the desert there is certainly little prospect that a man could escape with his life, even if he reached the surface with abundant supplies. He could not make his way unaided out of the sand wastes.

the surface with abundant supplies. He could not make his way unaided out of the sand wastes.

As a rule, high and often violent winds blow over the Sahara. This is one of the plagues of that vast region, for the sand storms almost daily obscure the sun even in the most fertile and prosperous oases. These storms sift great quantities of sand over the fertile depressions watered from underground sources where the oases are found; so that the inhabitants have to make constant warfare upon the drifting sands that threaten to swallow up their grain and grass fields and groves of date palms. If these big wind storms were persistent in a given direction the problem of ballooning over the Sahara would be greatly simplified. The fact is, however, that the winds frequently change their direction, often a number of times during the day. It is not yet known whether, above the surface winds, there may be air movements persisting long in one direction and providing a more or less certain route for airships. This question remains to be solved, it is hoped, by the investigations now in progress; but from our present knowledge it would be simply foolhardy for any one to attempt to cross the desert by balloon. His chances of landing in some desolate region whence he could not possibly escape would be much greater than of reaching the fertile and populous Soudan.

HIS MONEY FOR MONUMENTS Has Paid \$100,000 for Memorials of the Worthy, and Will Spend More.

From the Philadelphia Press.

From the Philadelphia Press.

West Chester, Aug 31—John G. Taylor of this place, once a farmer, later a banker and broker, and now retired, well deserves the distinction of being the great monument builder of the State. He has any amount of money and no close heirs, none, that is, that he particularly cares for in a financial sense, so for years he has been devoting his time and money to the erection of monuments in Brandywine Cemetery.

Several of these tributes of granite and marble stand to the memory of his ancestors some of whom fought under Washington and Lafayette. Others attest to the donor's admiration of Lafavette and others of the leading actors in that long contest for liberty. All of them are costly. The total amount expended in this work of love by Mr. Taylor is approximately \$100,000—and he is not yet done.

At present he is engaged in the preliminaries looking to the erection of a handsome granite shaft to the memory of the two boys. Wells and McComas, who shot and killed Gen. Ross at the time he led the British invasion against Baltimore and Washington in the War of 1812. Ross fell at the head of his force as he stepped ashore at Baltimore, the two boys having shot him from ambush. They were shot on the spot by Gen. Ross's men. A monument erected at Gay and Monument streets in Baltimore commemorates the event.

Mr. Taylor now plans that his tribute to these boys shall be made in Italy, where much of his monument work has been done.

WAGNER, BASEBALL HERCULES.

GREATEST OF PLAYERS AND MOD. EST AS HE IS GREAT.

Keeps Twenty-stx Dogs and That Is His Only Extravagance-One of the Highest-Priced and Most Unassuming Men on the Diamond - Once a Miner.

The Hercules of the diamond is Hans

Wagner of the champion Pittsburg basebal team. Napoleon Lajoie of the Cleveland American League team is by many considered the best ball player in the world; but nearly, if not fully as many, consider Wagner his equal, and some think the German the superior of the French-Canadian. Be that as it may. Wagner is unquestionably great. In his own calling he has attached the highest pinnacle of fame. He is a character, this broad-shouldered baseball expert-not a character because of any freakishness of manner, but because of his simple, direct nature and the fact that he is so modest he does not appreciate his own worth. The baseball player who fails to place a sufficiently high estimate upon his worth is a rarity; but here is Wagner, one of the greatest ball players the game ever saw, who, his employer, Barney Dreyfuss, declares, is so modest he will walk away if you start to praise him. Dreyfuss relates an incident of a year or so ago when he was raising salaries and he asked Wagner how much raise he wanted. "Oh, give me \$100 more," replied Wagner, after a few moments cogitation. Imagine Dreyfuss's surprise to hear only a \$100 increase for the season asked for, when players ask for more advance money than that.

Wagner pitched a game in Boston recently and held his opponents down to four hits in seven innings. "He has played every position on the diamond except catch." said Dreyfuse, the other night, in discussing his pet; "and there is not a position that he cannot play a little better than anybody else. When we get to Philadelphia I intend to put him behind the bat in one game tend to put him behind the bat in one game so as to fill out his record." Va conspicuous figure on the field. a conspicuous figure on the field. All base-ball patrons know him. His powerful build attracts attention instantly. In the lines that mark his construction, grace has been sacrified to strength and speed. He is the embodiment of physical power. He is so deep of chest and wide of shoulders that he looks to be as strong and substan-tial as the walls of a fort. Activity, too, sticks out all over him. More than one man who has the Wagner style of convex legs sticks out all over him. More than one man who has the Wagner style of convex legs is very active. He is one of the factest base runners in the National League and there is nothing in baseball that he cannot do well. He holds the world's record for distance in throwing the baseball and combines accuracy with distance. As a bataman he always has been a star and besides man he always has been a star and besides being a slugger is a dangerous hitter be-cause he is a first-class emergency batter. No man playing ball hits the ball harder

than he.

Wagner is a valuable man not alone for Wagner is a valuable man not alone for his ability, but for his disposition. Some stars sulk, but not so Wagner. He wants to play ball all the time. He revels in it. The fact that he draws the fat salary of more than \$5,000 a year is not because he demanded it, but because he works for a man who appreciates his worth and has raised his emolument, to these corpulent figures. He has no vices. One day not long ago he was playing billiards and a bundle of banknotes dropped out of his pocket. Dreyfuss picked the bundle up and in the books found records of \$8,000 deposited in four different banks. "Why so many banks, Hans?" asked Dreyfuss. "I had no use for the money," replied Hans, "so put it away. If one bank busts there il be some left," showing that with his frugality the away. If one bank busts there'll be some left," showing that with his frugality the

corresponding period of 1901. Receipts at Chicago for seven months ending with July show a total of 5.138,062 tons this year compared with 5.223,667 tons last year. The Connellsville weekly coke output still averages somewhat higher than during 1901.

BALLOONING IN THE SAHARA.

We Do Not Yet Know of Any Persistent Winds Blowing Across the Desert.

Big 18, showing that with his frugality the Teuton combines prudence.

But while Wagner spends little on himself he is not closefisted. He lives with his folks in Carnegie, Pa., and the only time he gets into Pittsburg in the winter time is when he is going through on a hunting trip or is taking his sister to the theatre. A recent present to his sister was a \$600 piano. He is a good billiard player and naturally, in view of his descent, he is an enthusiastic pinochle player. It has been said that he has no extravagances. Perhaps said that he has no extravagances. Perhaps exception should be taken to that statement. His hobby is dogs and he keeps no fewer than twenty-six in his kennels at Carnegie. Hunting dogs they are, for, next to the crack of the bat, Hans loves the pop of the 12 bore and he is an ardent Nimrod and a fine field shot. Before he played baseball professionally Wagner was a miner. From the centre of the earth to the centre of the diamond he has advanced within a comparatively short space of time and in that time his income has increased nearly forty-fold.

Wagner can use his great strength when occasion requires. Once he was compelled to throw a disturber out of a room. He threw the man clear through the door.

He threw the man clear through the door.
That night the disturber visited Wagner's
house, rang the bell, got the ball player
out of bed and insisted on shaking hands

GEN. SLOCUM'S MONUMENT. The Bronze Equestrian Statue to Be Invelled This Week at Gettysburg.

with the man who had "licked him

GETTYSBURG, Pe., Sept. 13 .- Full arrange nents have been made for the unveiling of the statue of Gen Slocum here on Sept. 19. The statue is an equestrian figure of colossal size crected during the summer

by the State of New York on Steven's Knoll. prominent elevation between Culp's Hill and East Cemetery Hill, from which Gen. Slocum commanded the right wing of the army during the battle. The pedestal is of Barre granite and from the base to the top of the statue the monument measures thirty-one feet. In the west face of the base is a bronze slab with the following

MAJOR-GEN. HENRY WARNER SLOCUM, U. S. V.

1826-1894

IN COMMAND OF RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT THE BATTLE OF

Beneath the inscription are the coat of arms of New York State and the famous advice given by Gen. Slocum in the discussion at the counsel of war called by Gen. Meade at Gettysburg: "Stay and fight it out."

The bronze figure is 15½ feet high and the length over all is 16 feet 6 inches. Profiting by the experience obtained when the Hancock equestrian monument was struck by lightning and the base badly shattered, a lightning rod has been run down the centre of the base of this monument. E. C. Potter executed the model. The monument cost \$30,000.

The arrangements for the unveiling cene-

C. Potter executed the model. The monument cost \$30,000.

The arrangements for the unveiling ceremony include a parade of veterans, United States troops and National Guard organizations from several States. There will be a number of addresses.

At Gettysburg Gen. Slocum arrived with the Twelfth Corps before midnight of July 1 and the chief command devolved upon him until the arrival of Gen. Meade at 1 A. M. on July 2. Gen. Slocum immediately placed his corps on the right flank, the Second Division, under Gen. Geary, occupying Culp's Hill, the First, under Gen. Williams, being near Spangler's Spring, and the Third being on Wolf's Hill.

Later in the day the greater part of his force was taken to re nforce the left wing of the army. Johnston, under direction of the Confederate General Early, moved against Culp's Hill and Wolf Hill about 8:30 P. M. on July 2, and under cover of darkness assaulted Greene's brigade, which was all of Geary's command remaining on Culp's Hill, and attacked Williams's division along Rock Creek and Wolf Hill.

After a desperate encounter, in which the Confederates lost heavily, the enemy were repulsed from both hills, but succeeded in breaking through the line in the low ground around Spangler's Spring between the two higher defences.